



Winter Soldier by Vinnie Paz

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

Look, you talking to a God in the flesh
And this batman something that I gotta address
This ain't a song, pa, this is a sonata of death
I will beat this motherfucker, I'll piñata his chest
This official, you should talk to the ref
I will put this big black sawed-off to his vest
Have these dum-dums lodged in an officer's chest
Put your body in a box like a login address
Here's a flower, say hello to the dead
Sinatra in '59, that's a hole in the head
The hammer Statue of Liberty, I'm lifting the torch
To me you just another sale, you a Christopher Cross
A rolling stone don't imprison the moss
Azazel is here, exorcism is off
I'm focused on a billy b, you focused on a mill
What you focused on is silly b, I'm focused on the kill

[Chorus]

I'm letting this fucking yoppa off
I'm letting this fucking yoppa off
I'm letting this fucking yoppa off
I'm letting this fucking whopper off

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

This motherfucker talking, I guess that he ain't breathing
Sonny LoSpecchio, this pussy, he ain't leaving
Energy drained, malnutrition, he ain't eating
Crying with his mouth all bloody, he ain't teething
I'm here homie, in the thick of the fog
It's a war torn city and I'm sick as a dog
I'm in my duffy it's a Christian Lacroix
This a dope fiend lean and it fixed the withdrawal
It's dirty here look like the spot that I got booked in
The type to see my face and then front like he not lookin'
Boxcutter I will shank a fairy
The Aston Martin is the color of a Frankenberry

Have your whole shit jooken with a blinky
A hundred round drum I can cook 'em in a jiffy
I ain't the one to run from Jihad
License to kill, but I ain't got a gun and a badge
[Chorus]

I'm letting this fucking yoppa off
I'm letting this fucking yoppa off
I'm letting this fucking yoppa off
I'm letting this fucking whopper off

Necklace of Heads by Vinnie Paz

Vinnie Paz

Necklace of Heads

[Intro]

Yeah, 1, 2

Yo Oh No

This shit crazy, pop

Look, 1, 2

Aiight, look

Yeah

[Verse 1]

Lick shots like they would do with the fever

Stab 'em dead or a Pompeii, Julius Caesar

Knife work nice, show you what to do with a cleaver

Son munafiqun, he a truthful deceiver

Supplication on the plains of Arafat

Puerto Ricans everywhere, they talk to me in Arawak

Money always ass back, and I'ma pull the barrel back

Knowing damn well he couldn't see me like a cataract

Where the organ grinder partner, tell me where the Tommy at

And riddle him with bullets in him, move him like an army brat

Anarchist and Marxist, you listening to Commie rap

Self-proclaimed God so the fuck if I'ma honor that

This rat tried to get me book like a librarian

My shot unorthodox like Shawn Marion

Powers of pain, Animal Hawk and barbarian

You beaten by the fist of God so Paul bury 'em

[Chorus]

One gun, two gun, three gun, four

It ain't an adversary that's ready to go to war

One gun, two gun, three gun, four

A hundred round drum and it'll clear the fuckin' floor

[Verse 2]

I told y'all not to fuck with me

Kidnaps takin' the kids like full custody

Every rhyme like my first, I spit hungrily
Y'all don't know cheese and wine out in Tuscany
Y'all think having a rack is called luxury
All bark and no bite, you not touching me
It's too dark for you, the wind is too blustering
I don't like cops or opps in my company
The trap boys still cookin' the brick
And it's raw so it look like they cookin' the grit
If I counted every bottle that I took to the dick
I'd lose count pa, I was in a room full of shit
You cupcaked out, still bitchin' 'bout a jaw
End-game talkin' 'bout a bishop verse a pawn
You dead goin' to sleep, listenin' to birds chirpin'
The type of asshole to be talkin' in third person

[Chorus]

One gun, two gun, three gun, four
It ain't an adversary that's ready to go to war
One gun, two gun, three gun, four
A hundred round drum and it'll clear the fuckin' floor

[Outro]

Yeah, yeah
Pack Pistol Pazzo and all that, the Sicilian Shooter
Y'nam sayin'?
Philly in this mahfucker, yeah
That's Oh No

Lyrics.lol :: Gasmask by Vinnie Paz

[Chorus: Vinnie Paz]

We go, where them can't go
Carlito, Benny Blanco
We know, what them not know
Mijo, kill 'em pronto
We go, where them can't go
Carlito, Benny Blanco
We know, what them not know
Mijo mi gente, they kill 'em pronto

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

Catch hommies in hellfire, water under the bridge Tacony-Palmyra
Devotion to the blood of the lamb, and it's hail sire
The pistol pack po' with the preacher, the pale rider
This a chainsaw bayonet, homie it is modified
Crosses on this mahfucker head like it's Mardi Gras
Theology of multitude and everything it occupy
Molecules combine with further molecules and oxidize
An animal, and animal survive through the pain
This a 300 blackout disguised as a flame
Erbody takin' Ls like they ridin' the train
Y'all my offspring, why would I deprive you of fame?
I look at y'all as food homie, y'all a bunch of vics
But snitchin' what you do and I can get a bunch of ticks
It was cold nights out here, take you to task
Cut the lawn mahfuckers 'cause there's snakes in the grass
Toma!

[Chorus: Vinnie Paz]

We go, where them can't go
Carlito, Benny Blanco
We know, what them not know
Mijo, kill 'em pronto
We go, where them can't go
Carlito, Benny Blanco
We know, what them not know
Mijo mi gente, they kill 'em pronto

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

Yeah

These mother fuckers saw a ghost, they awoken a wraith

Erbody hit the fuckin' floor or open the safe

The main pillar of the science is devotion of faith

This a Armalite rifle, it'll blow through your face

Black queen's knight I keep due to the pawn

I carry this .55 like it's Louis Vuitton

We can talk the evolution of a beautiful swan

Or we can talk the revolution, constitutional harm

Erbody wet as soon as the hammer splash

Nobody seein' nothin' like a camera flash

Shooters everywhere, B, I'm callin' mi hermano

Spark Steakhouse, homie Pauly Castellano

These is monolithic bullets, these'll riddle you red

So fuck all of y'all bitches, homie, chivalry dead

Gemstars, G36s, bayonets et cetera

It's what a motherfucker get for preying on a predator

[Chorus: Vinnie Paz]

We go, where them can't go

Carlito, Benny Blanco

We know, what them not know

Mijo, kill 'em pronto

We go, where them can't go

Carlito, Benny Blanco

We know, what them not know

Mijo mi gente, they kill 'em pronto

Sundae Bloody Sundae by Vinnie Paz

Vinnie Paz

Sundae Bloody Sundae

[Chorus]

Saturday noon, with nothing to do, I hear his simple song
Cheer the children who catch him on the park
Watching kids crowd, gather around his ivory colored car
Creaks along and the ice cream man is gone

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

Yeah, I'm the ice cream man, everything is for sale
The product ain't made for touchin', homie, this isn't braille
It's only a couple flavors if you need some tree
I got 2 for 3, money, if you need some D
You hear that song, pull up, we sellin' on the corner
And don't mind the smell little homie, that's ammonia
Oh that? That's a special flavor, comes from out Slavonia
The red tops cherry heads 'cause they look like begonia
The task force there, gimme money then you go
'Cause this judge is tryna to give a brother 20 for a O
I got the plug but it's still a large fee
So why the fuck I charge you what he charge me?
Back of the line little motherfucker, 'cause you stressin' me
How you gon' ask a master chef for his recipe?
And don't ask me what I do with the stash
'Cause the smallest bit of candy get you 2 and a half, yeah

[Chorus]

Saturday noon, with nothing to do, I hear his simple song
Cheer the children who catch him on the park
Watching kids crowd, gather around his ivory colored car
Creaks along and the ice cream man is gone

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

Yeah, I'm the ice cream man, I'm connected for the re-up
But you gon' have to pay it after it's over like a prenup
We got the streetsweepers for the clean up
There's crema in the ice cream truck to cook the D up

The ice cream man kinda gully but he smart
And cookin' what he cookin', that's a culinary art
If you hang around my truck you need to buy somethin'
Why you always hangin' 'round my truck and you don't buy nothin'?
I ain't tryna to hurt nobody, I just want the dolla'
You lovin' these bitches homie, I just love my guala
My partner in the back cookin' the base
You hear that song homie, you should see the look on they face
This young boi always askin', "Why you pack the 50?!"
'Cause motherfuckers plottin' and these bitches act sadity
Thinkin' the ice cream man stressful, it's true
But I wouldn't be in business if it wasn't for you, yeah

[Chorus]

Saturday noon, with nothing to do, I hear his simple song
Cheer the children who catch him on the park
Watching kids crowd, gather around his ivory colored car
Creaks along and the ice cream man is gone

Jail Cell Recipes by Vinnie Paz

Vinnie Paz

Jail Cell Recipes

[Intro]

Yeah, one two, yeah, Pack Pistol Pazzo, aight look

[Verse 1]

Elect of Allah, third king, Solomon that

The .50 Cal break your cartilage where collagen at

Shots have him face down like a Klonopin pack

They will hit you if you have a fucking problem with that ([?])

I'm where they hollerin' at

Where that Joey crack cook coke bubblin' at

I'm successful and there's people having trouble with that

That self pity you accustomed to, well wallow in that

Money, power, respect that's the key to success

This thing long King Kong when he beatin' his chest

The further into the abyss, the deeper its depths

I killed a Devil last night, god, The Reaper is next

You glorify snitches and you givin' information

You a vic and I will jerk a chicken like Jamaicans

If I had power to bring you back from the dead

I'll bring him back from the dead, so I could clap at his head

[Hook]

I'm the ultimate 16 bar machine

The God of War, the M16, the high chief

I'm the ultimate 16 bar machine

The God of War, the M16, the high chief

[Verse 2]

The truck jewelry amazin', innit?

Divine principles of the Ma'at and ancient Kemet

The breath of god we initiates of basic tendency

It's the dragon and it's war and it's Satan's pivot

I break laws while you bendin' the rules

I shoot muhfucka you just get suspended from school

If you take ten steps and draw, then it's a duel

How you learn to be a man under a tenuous rule?
And my homie from the south came through in a slab
Shotgun pump looking like I'm doing a dab
I will kick the door down catch you in the lab
Then tell the coroner that he know what to do with the task
I did some stupid shit and wrestle with bids
I'm a professional, you don't know what professional is
The gun connoisseur, don't ask me who got blickies
Pull up like them young Pirus when they popped Rickey

[Hook]

I'm the ultimate 16 bar machine
The God of War, the M16, the high chief
I'm the ultimate 16 bar machine
The God of War, the M16, the high chief

Tongan Death Grip by Vinnie Paz

Vinnie Paz

Tongan Death Grip

[Intro: Vinnie Paz]

Yeah -- 1, 2

Yo Ferrigno

1, 2 -- yeah

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

I ain't even think of swinging on you, that's a reflex
First one to test a mahfucker, that's a G check
Send this mahfucker back to God, he a defect
A celebrated martyr, I'm in Luxembourg with Liebknecht
I eat these perfect hands but hate bein' mad sluggish
How the sayin' go? Good riddance to bad rubbish
The ox all bloody, I stabbed him from frustration
The modern Thor rapper, I crack 'em like crustaceans
I was foul for a while, now I'm on some healthy shit
Still I'll aim this chopper at your head like it's a selfie stick
Riding on my enemies, I'm on my Makaveli shit
Master of the arts, I'm on my Sandro Botticelli shit
All of y'all is food to me, you nothing but a Scooby Snack
This mahfucker lost he need to get himself a Google map
Everything dirty money, even the soap
This a Beowulf infrared beam and a scope
Doma!

[Hook: Reef the Lost Cauze]

This is warfare, get your guns ready
This is warfare, hold your guns steady
This is life or death, yeah son deadly
A motherfuckin' G 'til the sun melt me
This is warfare, get your guns ready
This is warfare, hold your guns steady
This is life or death, yeah son deadly
A motherfuckin' G 'til the sun melt me

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

I'm a lion and the lion don't get left with the lambs
And you might get hit with bullets that was meant for your man's
It's no body cause the body under desolate sands
And I'm mean to money, money, I'ma press up the bands
This mahfucker think that he tough 'cause his man husky
He gettin' what's coming to him like he's Sandusky
The SP old and the records is mad dusty
It's a Mossberg 5 on the pump in the tan duffy
I was mad reckless, behavior was wild rowdy
So I just had to take that charge like I'm Kyle Lowry
I will snatch a dickhead chain and smile proudly
It's kings among the king's, possession and hail Crowley (hail Crowley)
This is where the shelterin' stops
'cause you never too old to take an L from your pops
This the throne of God homie, give the seraph his crown
And I'm bloodthirsty, it's a new sheriff in town
Yeah

[Hook: Reef the Lost Cauze]

This is warfare, get your guns ready
This is warfare, hold your guns steady
This is life or death, yeah son deadly
A motherfuckin' G 'til the sun melt me
This is warfare, get your guns ready
This is warfare, hold your guns steady
This is life or death, yeah son deadly
A motherfuckin' G 'til the sun melt me

God's Shadow by Vinnie Paz

[Intro] (Biggie Smalls)

I don't give a fuck about you, I don't give a fuck about you

[Vinnie Paz] Yeah

(Biggie Smalls) I don't give a fuck about you

[Vinnie Paz] 1,2

(Biggie Smalls)

I don't give a fuck about you

I'm not runnin'

I don't give a fuck about you

[Vinnie Paz] Yeah

I don't give a fuck about you

[Vinnie Paz] Yeah, look, yeah

(Biggie Smalls) I don't give a fuck about you

I'm not runnin'

[Verse 1]

In '86 everyone was smokin' them OooWeez

I was in front of the mirror and tryna be Cool C

Me and Chico was inseperable then

We would day dream about bein' legends again

'87 came but really, pa, shit ain't changed

We was playin Just-Ice and absorbin' his pain

It's the middle of the crack era, I ain't complain

There was money everywhere, it was part of the game

I was tryna write rhymes but I knew they was wack

I was young and I was dumb and I knew it was that

I heard Steady B rhyme and I knew it was crack

See these records change everything, crucial to that

It's the end of the 80s that's when Chic moved to Cali

My father died too, it was loneliness around me

It was hard tryna put all of this shit in perspective

And the only thing I had was my records

[Hook]

I seen so many men get blast and pass away

I had to say bye, bye, bye

I had to say bye, bye, bye (I'm not runnin')

And all these pills I take can't make shit go away

I said nah, nah, nah
I had to say nah, nah, nah
(I'm not runnin')

[Verse 2]

The 90s came and I started drinkin' for the first time, smokin' for my first time, then I sniffed my first line
Chic came back from Cali and we was wildin'
13 bum rushin' Macy's, we was violent
The pen game started gettin' a little better
Drinkin' 40z outside no matter the weather
But I was shy about the rhymin' and shit
I was timid, no one knew about the rhymin' and shit
I kept it to myself, pa, that's what I resign to
Then Chic would get drunk like "Vinnie can outrhyme you"
And I ain't had no choice it was battle or bitch
So I started choppin' heads and I channeled and missed
I battled on a L and I battled on the block
And I battled in a cell and I battled to the top
I battled a bunch of rappers you would know right now
And I chopped they fuckin' heads but you won't find out
But that got old quick, I started makin' tapes
The tapes turned to records and the records turned to fate
But I'd still go back if I had that chance
It was simple then, I ain't have to do that dance

[Hook]

I seen so many men get blast and passed away
I had to say bye, bye, bye
I had to say bye, bye, bye (I'm not runnin')
And all these pills I take can't make shit go away
I say nah, nah, nah
I had to say nah, nah, nah
(I'm not runnin')

[Outro] (Biggie Smalls)

I don't give a fuck about you, I don't give a fuck about you
I'm not runnin'
I don't give a fuck about you, I don't give a fuck about you
I'm not runnin'

Dualtow Night Eagle by Vinnie Paz

[INTRO: Doug Levison]

[Sample: Lil' Fame]

Step in the ring and I'll break yo ass up cuz I don't play clown

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

Yeah (Hahaha)

Yeah, yeah

A'ight, yeah

I'm gettin tired of destroying his hopes

But my back against the wall like Floyd on the ropes

This a .300 Blackout toyin' with Ghost

Take a big metal spoon if you boliin' dopes (Boilin' dopes)

This yoppa gone tear apart his entrails

Send kites tryna get this mail like we pen pals

Break a motherfucker like Gore akhi with windmills

Forbear twelve Arabian tribes Ishmael

Your girl I stepped on watered down like skim milk

Nothing here stepped on part of this is fish scale

There's several ways you can honor the vet

And if you wanna talk to me you gonna talk with respect

I wish you dumb muhfuckas didn't do what you done

Bunch of Voletta Wallace's that's losing a son

I'm done with you dirtbags you gone sing for the State

And tell ya shorty she a thot and to bring me a plate, stupid

[Sample: Douglas Levison]

You nothing

You nothing

How dare you?

How dare you?

You will never be anything

You nothing

You nothing

How dare you?

How dare you?

You will never be anything, SUCKA!

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

Yeah

This muhfucka like a joke of the town

What you laughin' for you in the same boat when it drown

I'ma chill, I'ma have a little Coke with the Crown

Coke by the ounce, money movin' dope by the pound

How you gonna let a veteran starve

And the timer's running out you better get on ya job

Put the microdots in and just let it dissolve

You will never find a shooter with a better resolve

I'm just tired of you muhfuckas matter of fact

I'ma let this Bulldog bark that'll be that (Dat dat dat dat dat dat!)

You ain't gettin' nada gimme my collateral back

This is Gucci it was several thousand mackerels for that

Everything can change for you one slip of the tongue

And the bigger that the chopper then the bigger the drum

On my lap is a pistol gripped pump

You a bitch you about to be a pistol whipped punk

[Sample] (Douglas Levison)

You nothing

You nothing

How dare you?

How dare you?

You will never be anything

You nothing

You nothing

How dare you?

How dare you?

You will never be anything, SUCKA!

You suck

You're a no-talent

If you really had talent go practice and then get yourself a gig instead of ruining the end of the day for everybody down here

You disgrace

You're everything that has gone wrong in this world

You're a self consumed, no talent, mediocre piece of shit and I've earned my right to say it

Who the fuck are you?

You nothing

You nothing

You are nothing and you will never be anything, never

How dare you?

How dare you?

You miserable, mediocre, NOTHING!

Blood on My Hands by Vinnie Paz

Vinnie Paz

Blood on My Hands

[Intro]

"I don't really like to hear the squealing animals in the cemeteries, when they do their rituals, but they give me free vodka!"

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

Y'all ain't about nothin', I'm bustin' a hundred rounds at you
I'm Pack Pistol Pazzo, I'm poppin' like 40 rounds at you
This bulldog barks and it mean that I'm sickin' hounds on you
We puff a pound or a two, Pazienza just insurmountable
The Goma-2 raw, and the substance wasn't compoundable
It's bodies everywhere and they try to hold me accountable
The Burberry bag is boujee and booty bountiful
The bankroll blickie, the names ain't even pronounceable
It ain't a ounce of you that could fathom havin' a bout at you
The weaponry is wonderous, numbers ain't even calculable
I stomp you out and pull the Beretta, money, it's marvelous
The gladiator war, fight with Gannicus, this is Spartacus!
The seventy disciples of Judaizers is the Barnabas
A reconstruction of the Acropolis beg us pardon us
The deeper the abyss is the deeper into the Tartarus
The AK diesel, the drum is a hippopotamus

[Chorus: Vinnie Paz]

He a dead man walkin'—that's a body!
Get his head popped talkin'—that's a body!
This a hundred round drum—that's a body!
Where we from? That's the slum—that's a body!
He a dead man walkin'—that's a body!
Get his head popped talkin'—that's a body!
This a hundred round drum—that's a body! (ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta)
Where we from? That's the slum—that's a body!

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

Yeah, y'all still about nothin', I'm choppin' you with a tomahawk
Allah hates a coward, you do a lot of vagina talk

It's "as-salamu alaykum", I greet him with lots of Gaza talk
Headshot medulla oblongata on a plaza walk
I caught too many homi's, now it's time for me to find a morgue
Go here a rhymers dawg, it's another vagina monologue
I'll take you to a digital death, the place with no analog
I have your bones shakin', I break 'em like marijuana laws
It ain't no other boss that's as ill as me, son, it's lunacy
The leftist ideology killin' the black community
You need a couple bodies, just give me the opportunity
You milli mild muhfuckers is makin' buffoonery
It ain't no unity, ain't no talkin' it out, it's hammer time
I'm movin', B, but I don't be talkin', I'm like a pantomime
And I don't think that bein' a pussy should be romanticized
I run with motherfuckers that's diddy-boppin' and vandalize

[Chorus: Vinnie Paz]

He a dead man walkin'—that's a body!
Get his head popped talkin'—that's a body!
This a hundred round drum—that's a body!
Where we from? That's the slum—that's a body!
He a dead man walkin'—that's a body!
Get his head popped talkin'—that's a body!
This a hundred round drum—that's a body! (ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta)
Where we from? That's the slum—that's a body!

Floating Goat by Vinnie Paz

[Intro: Vinnie Paz]

God of our father's hear me the wicked seek to rule the Earth and mock your will. Show them your wrath!
Destroy the guilty lest the innocent perish

Yeah, Muggs: The Black Goat, Pazienza

Yeah, yeah

Raise the gates!

[Verse 1]

This a headshot, homie, and I broke the balloon
They was plottin' there, homie, it was smoke in the room
This is blacked-out everything, cold in the womb
This is three faces of fear, the Dungeon of Doom
See it's drugs here, opium, Iranian gangs
The devil is long-horned, he like Damion James
How he talkin' hammers when he can't e'en hold a tool right?
This .50 Cal have 'em all sleeping like a school night
Listen, this gun is a small stalker
That make your body burst into flames like it's Paul Walker
Laser light bayonet, really, it's the sharpest
From experience, the first milli' is the hardest
Death comin' soon, pa, it's chilly in this darkness
The place that I'm from called Philly and it's heartless
It's game time, money, caught a body off the whip
Just another John Doe with his body in the ditch

[Verse 2]

Yeah, Cobra Kai, Daniel LaRusso
Fire at close range, pa, Antetokounmpo
I been doing this, I got workers on the night shift
I was denied bail, judge said I was a flight risk
Still sharp as steel, muhfucka, I'm a sharpener
Perry was a wanderer, Isa was a carpenter
Atilla the Hun, barbarian, the conqueror
He Babalawo Regla de Ocha, I'm a conjurer
All these scallywags carry leather sword sheaths
It's fertile soil there, unexplored heaths
This Mossberg like the God of Thunder, Thor, speaks

A shooter work is never done until his gourd leaks
A dead man said he got his power from the tomb
I can tell you pussy, you the loudest in the room
I made one call, look at all the soldiers that came
This a different era, pussy, but the code is the same

Byzantine Jewelry by Vinnie Paz

(Intro)

Yeah yeah yeah, yeah

Yo yo yo (Yo yo)

Yeah yeah yeah (Yeah yeah yeah)

Yo yo yo (Yo yo)

Yo yo

[Verse 1: Vinnie]

Yo, son duck down the alleyway

Hot shots have him screaming like Cab Calloway

You can hear the hooting and hollering from like a mile away

I run with fast-hoes who see a vic and salivate

I don't touch the work, that's just something that I allocate

Sectarian split, ineffectual Caliphate

It's goma on the scale and difficulty to calibrate

Don't ask me about nothing, no I ain't trying to collaborate

He saw an angel in the Lazarus pit

This that Yahweh real king of Nazareth shit

I ain't the one that you should walk into the labyrinth with

And I ain't the motherfucker you should saddle with shit

The dart spray semi-automatic like a ooh-wop

Spit the rhyme then I bounce the master like a doo-wop

It's a 249 and it's colder than hell

And I treat these assholes like they JoJo the Whale

(Put 'em in da fuckin' bat-troom)

[Chorus]

Yeah yeah yeah

Yeah, yo yo yo (Yo yo)

Yeah yeah yeah (Yeah yeah yeah)

Yo yo yo

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

Look

In a resort, in a housebed

Your money short 'cause your mouth big

Tryna put too much food in his mouth pit

We take trips back and forth down south kid (Freeway Ricky Ross)

It's detrimental if you telling me after
Hop with the Jet Set, Jello Biafra
Panic in Needle Park, a 70s master
Suicide, there's a ebony plaster
The product duffel is a khaki tan
Snake in the Eagle's Shadow lord, Jackie Chan
Make salah on my din like an Iraqi man (Allahu Akbar)
It's fatty absolute green like it's Barry Mann
This ain't the Devil's dirt this is rare soot
The shoemaker children go barefoot
The way you die isn't fate it's a choice
Watch your bombacot mouth, take the bass out your voice

[Outro]

Yeah yeah yeah
Yeah, yo yo yo (Yo yo)
Yeah yeah yeah (Yeah yeah yeah)
Yo yo yo (Yo yo)
(Aight)

Pray for Sleep by Vinnie Paz

[Verse 1]

Yeah, I'ma let the shotty blow
His head go a different direction to where his body go
A fraction of a second is the time it takes his mind to go
Either way his body going down like he Bohannon
We bare arms like a designer show
I feed the raw and always keep a 4 on me like honour roll
How you talking money when you never see no kinda dough
Broke mafuckas, ass out like Rihanna though
You hearin screams and they say they shot
I got nines and a sack like I'm JJ Watt
They think they nice but fans gon' = say they not
It's like a bomb Vietnam when that AK pop
I don't be in y'all little cities it's no action
This Wilson Combat go through you like Bo Jackson
See we all gorillas here strapped with all the blammers now
I pass em off after I use them like they a hand-me-down

[Verse 2]

Yeah, We gun running like the track team
Why you talking stats without knowing what the stats mean?
The 50 Cal got bodies on it but the MAC clean
My dunny gon' rob for me piedras like a crack fiend
And I ain't wanna take it there, but this the way it has to be
Sometimes it takes collateral damage to make a masterpiece
I lost my motherfucking mind and it ain't coming back to me
When dunny got knocked it's like I lost the other half of me
Me and you can look alike, distinction is the bread different
Shorty and her sister look alike but the hair different
The new Hudson H9 get your head shifted
Disrespect is never tolerated you get air lifted
Cool when papi cooking but he drawn on what the cinnamon
I had to go inside my bag, I'm calling the Dominicans
I appreciate y'all, here it's a small token
You talking all the time real killas is soft-spoken

Hashem on a Pentagram by Vinnie Paz

Vinnie Paz

Hashem on a Pentagram

[Intro: Sample]

In a music field you got people who really are into the occult and into Satan, and then you got some who probably playing games, but no matter how you cut it, they're propagating Satan, they're propagating the demonic mind, the occultic world and I think it's a devastating frame on our culture...

[Intro: Vinnie Paz]

Yeah, one-two!

Yeah, one-two!

One-two (ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta!)

Yeah, one-two!

Yeah!

Yeah, Gore Elohim

ILL BILL, look

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

Watch the semi-automatic air the fucking world out

Big shit, I'm hitting every house like I'm a Girl Scout

I don't trust a soul homie, I'm throwing this referral out

Jail monster, dumbbells, concentration, curls out

Bloodbath, headshot, tell 'em through a telegram

Samhain Initium, Hashem upon a Pentagram

Duality of two triangles is the hexagram

Scheming on you (???) like a Mexican

Nighthawk, custom made shells and a vest

And my OG sitting in a cell and he stressed

Doing 2301 and he smelling depressed

And the sun sets here but it fell in the west

Ask about me homie, I will aim at the throne

Say goodnight to the bad guy, Razor Ramon

You ain't on my level, not an honorable mention

And this bullet focused on you undivided attention, toma!

[Verse 2: ILL BILL]

Twelve tribes of Israel

Twelve point five for half a block of fish scale

Let me get a sniff there
You better sniff it too so I feel I can trust you
Make me feel like that scene from Scarface, I'll crush you
Fuck Frank, fuck Seidelbaum and fuck Mel too
Pop you in the stomach like, boom, I bring doom
I'm that MF Goon, my shooters look like Jon Hamm
What the fuck is happening? The world has gone ham
I can't believe it's bacon, bayonets attached to AKs
What's shakin', go get your cake in
We move indistinguishably, discreetly
Within the shadows we decide what the streets see
A cross between Tony Yayo and Roy DeMeo
Bandana Scott Baio, Machete Danny Trejo
Eddie Iron Maiden, sword pentagram slayer
Never trust a fiend who swear he'll pay you for that gram later

[Verse 3: Goretex]

I'm on Venice Beach ripping waves, whores and selling leak
Got a hundred project animals, we dying to eat
We active as fuck, these dividends in Panama bucks
Futuristic, my shooters roll up in Amazon trucks
Circus of power, Rocky Dennis kids on powder
Topple regime like Nicky Scarfo, Betty White and the sour
Cocaine barrels produced in rainforests for Pharaohs
Uncle Howie taught me how to cut the juice with the flour
Consumer racketeer, rap Norman Lear, stickups in '89 gear
Focus on the Gods in the field
Bricks like betty whip, Mr. Majestyk hit, heavy metal shit
Dashikis and slacks run some Crazy Eddie shit
Half Fenriz, half Salvie Testa, ravioli stretcher
Inverted church we out to lunch take our holy measures
Shoppers of medicine you wretch is a vegetable
Like an Ed Repka painting I come to life when I'm deading you

[Outro: Sample]

Across this country and Canada, Satanic graffiti is turning up on public buildings and abandoned buildings. The police suspects secret meetings are being held by people calling themselves "Satanists", people who worship the Devil. Most often found; the inverted five pointed Satanic pentagram, the upside down cross, the evil eye, references to Babylon and the Devil's number

Masked Stickups by Vinnie Paz

Vinnie Paz

Masked Stickups

[Intro: Vinnie Paz]

Yeah

One, two

Yeah

Yo Stallone, I got 4 bars here or I got 8?

Aight

Aight look

Yeah

Check me out

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

I'm faithful to God, I'm so fuckin' faithful it hurt

That's why every bar and every rhyme take 'em to church

And once the body drop it go straight to the earth

And how you understand clean if you ain't played in the dirt?

Look, let me put it to you simple and plain

How these hollow tips take you through the center of pain

Shoot a fuckin' eye never talk to a fool

And a vic gon' be a vic, off with the jewels

You could have it either way, pa Glock or the pump

Either way you gon' take these shots like a drunk

Lucas weaponry, it's all types of shit I could get

It's mad body parts, all types shit I could hit

I got airplane, all type of shit I could get

Then there's rocket fuel, all types of shit I could flip

And ya'll gonna have to accept the God sickenin'

Aim the shwammy, it's gonna splash 'em like Rod Strickland

[Chrous]

I could have your mans disappear if I wanted to

Funny how shit seem clear when the gun at you

Brrrrrrr stick up, ha ha ha, stick up

Brrrrrrr stick up, ha ha ha, stick up

I could have your mans disappear if I wanted to

Funny how shit seem clear when the gun at you

Brrrrrrr stick up, ha ha ha, stick up

Brrrrrrr stick up, ha ha ha, stick up

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

20 plus years and still invincible

You ain't get touched for what you did, it's the principle

I don't bridge gaps cuz the gap is unbridgeable

Theoretically the probability conditional

Don't bring shirk around here, it's unpermissible

Actin' like my place in the game isn't pivotal

Faith called faith cuz it isn't too visible

Conflict stem from stolen African mineral

Cousin where you at?

I see 'em, I got a visual

The horror I'mma bring to his out-of-body is criminal

No matter how hard you try, you not at the pinnacle

All bark and no bite, you too typical

Celebrate mediocrity and do the minimal

Everything come back round, it's too cyclical

You don't get the raw anymore, that's additional

The cold price high and the body count biblical

[Chorus]

I could have your mans disappear if I wanted to

Funny how shit seem clear when the gun at you

Brrrrr stick up, ha ha ha, stick up

Brrrrr stick up, ha ha ha, stick up

I could have your mans disappear if I wanted to

Funny how shit seem clear when the gun at you

Brrrrr stick up, ha ha ha, stick up

Brrrrr stick up, ha ha ha, stick up

Hollow Light Severed Sun by Vinnie Paz

Vinnie Paz

Hollow Light Severed Sun

[Intro: Vinnie Paz]

Yeah...

Yeah...

One-Two

Yeah

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

He got the Derringer, he got the fifth

He got the Panama, he got the piff

He like an animal, he got the gill

He with the Sufis, and he with a bid

He in his mental and physical prime

He moving weight, it's not nickels and dimes

He like a DAT in a digital time

Aleister Crowley and ritual rhyme

Demons and nephilim virtual dream

That is a part of the personal theme

That dummy give you a verse for a bing

That dummy dirty he work with the fiends

You doin' nothing I'm licking a shot

You ain't got nothing you piss in a pot

You be in a lift and I be in the drop

I be with my family, you be with a opp

[Chorus]

Yeah, yeah, yeah

Woah

Yeah, yeah, yeah

Woah

Yeah, yeah, yeah

Woah

Yeah, yeah, yeah

Woah

Yeah, yeah, yeah

Woah

Yeah, yeah, yeah

Woah

Yeah, yeah, yeah

Woah

Yeah, yeah, yeah

Woah

Yeah, yeah, yeah

Woah

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

You been in hiding we went to your house

You ran up the stairs and you left from your couch

You knew he was there just to dent in your mouth

You look like a rat but you dead like a mouse

I was in county I went for the ride

Hopped in the whip and attempted to slide

Used to be peace but the sentiment died

You was a thief and the rest of you died

He getting money he borrowed like bocce

He moving keys just like he Liberace

He nice with the hands but he good with the shotty

The new projectile gon' rip through your body

Out here in Philly it's cold and it's dark

Nobody smilin' and nobody talk

Nine out of ten will be holding a hawk

Twenty years later and who would've thought

[Chorus]

Yeah, yeah, yeah

Woah

Yeah, yeah, yeah

Woah

Yeah, yeah, yeah

Woah

Yeah, yeah, yeah

Woah

Yeah, yeah, yeah

Woah

Yeah, yeah, yeah

Woah

Yeah, yeah, yeah

Woah

Yeah, yeah, yeah

Woah

Yeah, yeah, yeah

Woah

Cold in Philadelphia by Vinnie Paz

[Intro]

Left my home with just my jeans, my money and a stash
Aimed to Philadelphia, I need a place to crash
Cold in Philadelphia
Cold in Philadelphia

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

His name was Pasquale and he came here from Sicily
He came here alone at 17 no family
The government told him he was a natural born criminal
Compared to primates and said his intellect was minimal
They told him southern Italians were savages and rapists
But he was only here to look for work and they was racist
He just wanted to find a wife and have children
But had to live in fear because they were Sicilians
Trouble communicating because he ain't speak the language
If you don't know English then you ain't nothing but baggage
Started his own business with some money that he saved up
But nobody supported his business, he almost gave up
Stuck it out, worked hard, livin' in a shanty
Found himself a wife then he had himself a family
He still dealt with discrimination but wasn't mad
And fear is a great motivator in man
Decades later his family comfortable with clout
And most of them will want to build a wall and keep him out!

[Chorus]

Excuse me please sir, if you will, can you spare a dime?
Do you have a cigarette to help me pass the time?
Cold in Philadelphia
Cold in Philadelphia

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

His name Abdullah he here to escape Assad
He need to find a home and a place he can pray to God
A full-scale civil war broke out in Syria
Uprising turned violent country in hysteria
In Syria he a doctor in Philly he sort boxes

His wife and 4 children in a 2 room apartment
He work all hours of the night making garments
His sons worked after school shifts at the market
Airstrikes and raids forced them out of their home
So they left for Jordan overnight prayed to get through
3 years in Jordan then they finally made it here
The older daughters had to go to Spain and disappear
Back in Philly Abdullah struggling to make the rent
Winter coming soon but the heating bill spent
His sons picked on in school, suffer from embarrassment
They been here for a year and only speak Arabic
They stayed where they was, they would be killed by Assad
But the trouble and the struggle is fulfilling to God

[Chorus]

Can't find work because my hair has got to be too long
Cold in Philadelphia, I tried to get along
Cold in Philadelphia
Cold in Philadelphia

Lyrics.lol :: Gracious by Vinnie Paz

[Intro]

Uno

Dos

Tres

Quatro

I bet it's easier to look the other way
So glad to go on living, day to day
And today, if maybe we forget about the helpless hand
So sad because he's wishing his life away

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

I couldn't count all the blessings I had
My mama happy, my son good
What else could I ask?
I'm thankful for hard times and the lessons they pass
And I'm grateful for having answers to the questions I asked
I'm grateful for sight, I'm grateful to hear
When I was younger I was everything I hated I swear
I thought the world was out to get me in a state of despair
Just an egotistical asshole, my faith was impaired
I always was complainin' and I always was the victim
It never was my fault and it always was the system
You think the world owe you something, you wrong
And worship means sincere thankfulness to Allah
I'm thankful for the ability to say when I'm wrong
Thank you for this opportunity to play you this song
I'd like to thank every single one of y'all for riding with me
Y'all made all my dreams come true and united with me
Yeah!

[Chorus]

Thank you for the way to love
Thank you for the world I'm thinking of
Thank you for the way to love
Thank you for the world I'm thinking of
I bet it's easier to look the other way
So glad to go on living

And today, if maybe we forget about the helpless hand
So sad because he's wishing his life away

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

I thank you for the ability to learn from mistakes
I'm grateful for hard work, I had to learn what it takes
I'm thankful for hard times when it burns and it aches
'Cause it remind me of the blessings been bestowed on my plate
I'm indebted to every one of y'all that ever bought a record
To anyone who's stolen I'm still thankful that you checked it
I'm thankful for my homies who don't ever get the credit
'Cause God know that being my homie, it takes some effort
I'm grateful I'm unconditionally loved by my family
Even when shit was ugly and they didn't understand me
I never got a gold record, never won a Grammy
But God been my protector and that's why the devil fear me
I'm grateful that my son still love to hug his papa
I'm grateful that Allah gave him to me, it's an honor
I'm seeing things more clearly now so I'm thankful
So I just had to take a minute out and tell you thank you

[Chorus]

Thank you for the way to love
Thank you for the world I'm thinking of
Thank you for the way to love
Thank you for the world I'm thinking of
I bet it's easier to look the other way
So glad to go on living
And today, if maybe we forget about the helpless hand
So sad because he's wishing his life away

A Power Governments Cannot Suppress by Vinnie Paz

Vinnie Paz

A Power Governments Cannot Suppress

[Intro: Howard Zinn]

One of the things we might learn from history, is that the government's interests are not necessarily the same as ours

In fact, are rarely the same as ours. Because if you think the government's interests are the same as yours, then you think - "Well if something is going wrong it must be that they made a mistake 'cause they really care about us"

They don't care about us!

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

The greatest beneficiary of Reagan years was corporations

Wealthy businessmen and ministers of foreign nations

Bush promised that he would save the environment

Signed the Clean Air Act and had the public buyin' it

Two years after that, we see it as imprudence

The EPA allowed tons of hazardous pollutants

Little money was allocated for the enforcement

Contaminated drinkin' water, everywhere was dormant

But business worries override the safety of the public

Ecological breakdowns and nobody would publish

When Reagan got elected and he finally took to office

He spent a quarter million dollars on his livin' quarters

He built the military even more, and paid for it with cuts and benefits for the poor

He made 140 billion cuts in social programs

Human consequences wasn't justified to no man

He said that he still balanced the budget

Wassily Leontief guaranteed that he wouldn't

The 80's were the triumph of upperclass America

Ascendancy of the rich, the poor he would bury ya

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

The gap between the rich and the poor grew dramatically

Black families were hit the hardest, be emphatically

Lack of resources, and racial discrimination

Broken homes, drug addiction, incarceration

Instead of trying to help the people out of this position, politicians called for the building of more prisons

Reagan lied about Iran, lied to Nicaragua, lied about the Soviets and lied about the Contras
He sold arms to Iran, all of it was cited but plausible denial is why he ain't get indicted
Oli North stood trial, the jury found him guilty but he ain't do no time because the motherfucker's filthy
Reagan sent Marines into a crazy situation
Two hundred died in Lebanon 'cause it was dangerous
After that he sent forces into Grenada, congress was notified but not consulted, that's a horror
What good's a show of force if you never use it?
That's the way that Reagan's mind worked and he abused it
Why do people die in countries we invading? So we can make it clear that violence was understated

[Verse 3: Vinnie Paz]

Reagan's raid on Libya, that was terrorist
Bombs fell on a crowded city, a hundred victims
The Cold War? Let me relay you the facts
The foreign policy just delayed the collapse
The U.S. policy motivated by Fed, to justify the suppression of independent care
The military budget was 280 billion, Colin Powell said he wanna scare the world's civilians
In order to boost his popularity with voters
Bush went to war with Iraq and hid the motives
He abandoned sanctions and said it was for protection
He only chose war because the presidential elections
Who believed that we would liberate Kuwait?
When we invaded other countries every single week
You think that they could build a nuclear bomb?
They was 10 years away from having nuclear bombs
Less than half of us favored military action
No blood for oil was the citizen's reaction
Officials lied about small bombs, American reporters were kept from the war's harm

[Verse 4: Vinnie Paz]

Clinton got in and appointed people of color
But he abandoned them when they started working together
He spoke of a new government for a new century
Invoked Dr. King's name, compared their philosophy
Recalled Dr. King's dream of racial equality
But put more blacks in prison than anybody in history
Continued the military budget in Cold War levels
It doesn't matter the party, homie, they all devils
Approved the FBI attack on Koresh
Fire swept through the whole building burning flesh
His crime bill got a lot of attention but it emphasized punishment, not prevention

Persuaded voters he was tough on crime
But tougher is dumber when you give 'em double the time
Clinton removed welfare benefits from immigrants
Legal or illegal, most of y'all don't know the difference
Who did the Free Trade Agreement really preserve?
Why the number of prisoners doubled when Clinton served?
Domination of the media was there to vaccinate
If god intended us to vote, he would've gave us candidates

[Verse 5: Vinnie Paz]

Bush verse Gore, that was your decision
Both support the death penalty and broke the prisons
Nader ran too but the media denyin' it
He emphasized education, healthcare environment
Half the country didn't even vote and that's a sign
Appealin' to class warfare that no one's buying
Gore received hundreds of thousands or more votes
Proof the electoral process is a joke
Bush took office and pushed tax cuts for the wealthy
Opposed environmental regulations for the money
Nine months into his presidency, 9/11
Immediately declared a war on terrorism
He said that they were Saudi, said it was the Taliban
Then he ordered the bombing of Afghanistan
You kill our civilians, we kill y'all civilians
How the fuck that make sense when we all civilians?
Wartime presidents do wartime shit
That's why wartime presidents can suck my dick
There were minority voices that were criticizing war
You can't match violence or violence should be the law
We stationed troops in Saudi on the holiest of shrines
Military aid for occupying Palestine
Killing innocents Arabs would come back to haunt us
And stupid motherfuckers sit and wonder why they bomb us

[Outro]

If you're like me, you have a lot of friends who are depressed
A lot of friends who go around very gloomy, think the world is coming to an end
You can understand people feeling depressed, you can understand people feeling desperate
Because the truth is, we're faced with evil
There's an enormous number of people who care about the world and about the country, wanna do something

about it

And those numbers are going to grow, so long as people persist and don't give up